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Northern Messenger

W Bronscombe Jan 30 09

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'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

'A Beauty.'

Dr. Grenfell Says So and He Knows.

The new launch for the Canadian Hospital at Harrington has been secured.

Dr. Grenfell writes: 'I have ordered the new 'Northern Messenger' to be despatched to Dr. Hare. She is a beauty and will do you full justice.'

The new launch takes the place and name of the small launch built by the readers of the 'Northern Messenger' and 'Witness,' for

THE NEW 'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

the work at Harrington. It was found that in the long trips which had to be made by Dr. Hare it was necessary for him to live on board a great deal more than any of the other doctors connected with the Grenfell hospitals. The little launch was staunch, and has done good service for two years, but when the doctor got a couple of patients into the low little cabin, by poking them through head first, he and his helper had to remain on deck. Just what that meant, those who have cruised on the Labrador know. The loss of one of Dr. Grenfell's best helpers, Captain Roberts, who was swept overboard from a much larger launch than the first 'Northern Messenger,' and lost last fall, made those of us who know how often the waves swept the deck of our little launch anxious to secure for Dr. Hare a greater measure of safety in his work.

Our first launch is to continue her good work under another name, as tender for one of the hospitals, and the work at Harrington will be greatly enlarged this summer by the help of the new 'Northern Messenger,' which is being taken up for the opening of the season.

Our new launch was built especially for Dr. Grenfell's work, and the hearty interest of her builders at Lynn in that work made them cut down the price to almost lower than cost. A friend of Dr. Grenfell's, Mr. Webster, of Harvard, who has for two summers done launch work for the Association, overlooked her construction and the doctor enthusiastically declares:

'She is almost ideal. Her model, etc., is all there'; and again he says:

'She is all oak, 36 feet long, 9 feet 2 inches beam. She is rigged as a yawl and has a fifteen horse-power kerosene engine. She is a perfect boat, and an admirable sea boat, as you may judge by four men steaming her down all the way from Boston, crossing the Bay of Fundy and the Gulf of St. Lawrence with perfect ease. It certainly was a perilous voyage for such a boat and she earned everybody's praise. She is just the boat we want.'

We may well be proud of having a share in the sending of such a boat, and when the storms are howling and the news comes of a gale off the Labrador, we will think with more peace of mind of the sturdy, cheery doctor steaming off on his errands of mercy. We will be glad that we have sent him a boat in which, if caught in a storm, he and his patients will be able to run out to sea away from the treacherous, uncharted coast, with its border miles deep of islands and rocks and shoals. In calmer weather her speed will mean the saving of many a life.

And now that we have given to the work such a boat, let us not stop. Because she is a larger boat, because she is faster, because she can weather worse storms, because she will carry more patients, because she will do double the work of our old launch, she will cost more to keep. Those of you who own boats and motors know that. So let us complete our gift by generously supporting her. We have written Dr. Grenfell and Dr. Hare for an estimate of the yearly cost for crew and fuel, furnishing and provisions, and in the meantime we will begin our fund, knowing well that if we get too much for this special summer's work of our launch, Dr. Grenfell will find use for all we have over, and will with it do work we will be thankful to share with him.

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

'Please Bless Massa's Little Boys.'

This remarkable tribute to the religion of the Negro is from the Rev. Dr. R. H. Allen, a southern man:

'I have felt a deal of interest in this people. I have given up my lifework to help them on. I have carried the prayer of an old colored man in my heart ever since I was a boy. He was the slave of my father. We children loved him much. My father had great respect for him; he was a good man. When the prayer-bell was rung, all my father's house-servants could go in and worship if they chose. He never compelled them to go. This man, Joe Price, could neither read nor write; but, if there ever was a child of God, I believe that man was one. I have often heard my father ask him to lead in family prayers. Late one evening I was coming through a field on my father's plantation. As I came up toward the house I heard a strange noise that frightened me. I stopped to listen and recognized a human voice over in the tall grass. It was Joe Price at prayer. I stood still, not wishing to disturb, and heard a part of his prayer, and I think I can repeat the very words of the old man yet: "Now, Lor' Jesus, I am most at de journey's end. Put on me de white robe of righteousness. Wash my heart all over in de blood." And then I heard him say: "Now, 'member de cotton fields and de corn crops and de old people up at de house. And, oh Lor', please bless old massa's little boys; 'member old massa's little boys." When I heard that I

felt like getting down upon my knees beside the old man; for I felt sure that I stood on holy ground. I was sure that the words of that old man would reach the ears of Him up yonder who could bless "old massa's little boys." We saw him die about five months after. My father took us children into his cabin. I heard my father read to him the thirteenth chapter of John, and I heard him bless my father and bid him good-bye. I heard his feeble voice say: "Now, Lor', Jesus, take me by de han' and help me over de river." And then he died. Friends, I believe that day the Lord Jesus stooped to the humble cabin of the slave and took uncle Joe's hand in his and helped him over the river and into Immanuel's land; and if ever I get to heaven, just as sure as I get there, I am going to hunt up old Uncle Joe Price and take his dusky hand in mine and thank him for the prayer he offered for "old massa's little boys."'—'Christian Educator.'

Emancipation.

(By Matthie D. Babcock.)

Why be afraid of death as though your life were breath?
Death but anoints your eyes with clay. Oh, glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks the corn.
Why should you fear to meet the Thresher of the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping you are dead.
Till you awake and rise—here, or beyond the skies.

Why should it be a wrench to leave your wooden bench?
Why not with happy shout run home when school is out?

The dear ones left behind! O foolish one and blind,
A day and you will meet—a night and you will greet.

This is the death of Death, to breathe away a breath.
And know the end of strife, and taste the deathless life.

And joy without a fear, and smile without a tear;
And work, nor care to rest, and find the last the best.

The Power of Little Things.

(By J. R. Miller, D.D.)

We do not begin to know what power even very little things, if love be in them, have to put brightness and a blessing into dreary or empty lives. The memory of a kindly word stays oftimes for years in a heart to which it brought cheer and uplift. A flower sent to a darkened room in some time of sickness or sorrow, leaves a fragrance which abides ever afterwards. A note of sympathy with its word of comfort and love is cherished as dearer than gold or gems, and its message is never forgotten. 'Love never faileth,' never dies. The greatest deeds without love make no enduring record, but when love inspires them, the smallest ministries of kindness leave imperishable memories in the lives which they help and bless. It ought to be the deepest wish of every true heart to leave in this world something which will last, which will not perish amid the wastes of time, which will live in blessing and good.

Is the world better or worse where I tread?
What have I done in the years that are dead?
What have I left in the way as I passed—
Foibles to perish, or blessings to last?'

Jesus said of Judas that it had been good for that man if he had not been born. Judas left a terrible curse in the world instead of a benediction. That which he did made infamy for him instead of honor. No doubt the case of Judas was an extraordinary one, but there are countless others of whom the same is measurably true. It is a dreadful thing to miss a ministry of blessing in one's life, to be a tree of poisonous exhalation, like the fabled upas, instead of a tree planted by the streams of water which bears its fruit in its season. It is a sad thing to live in vain, to spend one's years in doing things that will perish. We should not be content to let a single day pass in which we do not speak some gracious word or do a kindness that will add to the happiness, the hope, or the courage and strength of another life. Such ministries of love will redeem our days of toil and strugg'e from dreariness and earthliness, and make them radiant in God's eye and in the record they make for eternity.

'For me—to have made one soul
The better for my birth;
To have added but one flower
To the garden of the earth;

'To have sown in the souls of men
One thought that will not die—
To have been a link in the chain of life,
Shall be immortality.'

What the Guest Might Infer.

A conscientious gentleman importuned a wise and gracious friend to become his permanent guest and counsellor. The invitations were repeated and earnest. In fact, the burden of the one's communications to the other was, 'Come! Come! Come and abide with me.'

The invited guest willingly came, but only to find his host plunged in a whirlpool of business. He apologized for taking time for only a few hurried words with his guest, after breakfast and while the carriage was waiting, and then whirled off to business, at railroad speed, immersed in a newspaper.

'But I shall have a chance to be alone with him at the noon hour,' said the guest, 'and it will not then be too late to counsel him concerning part of the day.'

But when noon came, the gentleman snatched only a few moments for a hasty lunch, and with apologies tore himself away from his disappointed guest, and buried himself again in business.

'I surely shall have a good long talk with him to-night,' the guest consoled himself. 'I shall have him all alone, and with his day's work done, we can shape to-morrow.'

But when evening brought the gentleman to his home, he was tired, and his mind was distracted by the lingering cares of the day. He gave his guest a few short minutes before retiring, but even in them his mind was jaded and too much preoccupied to receive lasting impressions, and he seemed relieved when he could bid his guest good-night and sink to rest.

And so day after day passed, and the gentleman's purpose in inviting his guest was likely to be frustrated for lack of opportunity. Some of the gentleman's friends who noticed the unsatisfactory way in which things were going suggested that he set apart for confidential intercourse with his guest at least fifteen minutes, immediately after rising each day, when his mind would be most open to suggestions, and they would tell most on the day.

But, to their surprise, the gentleman demurred that he could not spare so much time in the morning. It would make him late to his business. He must try to get along the old way.

Would it not have been a natural inference for the guest to make that, if his host could not make a way to give him fifteen minutes, undisturbed by other things, he did not, after all, prize his advice so highly? Have we not all invited such a guest? Are we not continually asking the Holy Spirit to abide with us and direct our lives? Yet do we not, many days, almost crowd him out of a proper place in our thoughts, by the hurly-burly of our daily lives? Do we not need to revise either some of our prayers for the constant guidance of the Spirit, or else our daily programme, so as to leave space for a Quiet Hour with God?—'C. E. World.'

A Fascinating Story.

A story full of human interest and one of which the readers will not want to lose a word, is the 'Paths of the Righteous,' by Miss Lily Dougall, which is to be run as a serial in the 'Witness,' commencing AT ONCE. See special trial offer on another page.

Religious News.

Hitherto we have had only estimates, but now China is about to take a census of the uncounted millions within her borders. In accordance with the programme for constitutional reform, an edict, which has been received at the State Department, has been issued directing police and provincial treasurers to enumerate the individuals and families of the empire. The returns for the census of families must be completed by 1910 and for individuals by 1912. After returns are made the records of families will be reviewed each two months and the records of individuals every half year. The edict provides that the communities not yet organized into provinces, such as Inner and Outer Mongolia and Tibet, must be enumerated by their respective officials, who will report to the Board of the Interior.

From 'The Chinese Student in Japan' for November, 1908, are taken the following facts:

There are at present 700 Corean students living in Tokyo, Japan. Their studies embrace the practical subjects of law, commerce, agriculture, medicine, theology and technical courses. The average age of the student is nineteen. The intense desire of these young men to fit themselves for spheres of honor and usefulness is evident from the fact that out of the total number there, only eighty-one are at the expense of the government. As Tokyo is conveniently near and as it offers excellent facilities for mental advancement, it is more than likely that some years to come there will be a steady increase in the number of students. This year there is already an increase over last year of two hundred. In the various centers of learning the progress of the Corean students is not a whit behind that of their compeers. Mr. Kim, Young Men's Christian Association secretary among the Coreans, a capable and active leader, gives a report full of encouragement. In every branch of the work there is a steady increase. The enrolment of students both in the English and in the Bible classes is over 100. Since the secretary began his work more than twenty of the students have become earnest Christians.

In a recent 'Westminster,' Minot C. Morgan tells of two 'experiences' he had in Corea, of which the first was in Seoul. 'Wednesday evening we attended prayer-meeting. There were 600 present, and this is only one of a number of churches in the city. Six hundred, think of it, ask yourself what it means. It means that Christianity looms large to these people. It is the whole thing, and they know it. The whole congregation comes to prayer-meeting, to Sunday-school, to church twice on Sunday, and how they listen.'

But his Sunday in Pyeng Yang brought his 'greatest experiences.' First came the 11 o'clock service for women in the Central Church, with more than 1,000 present, and Pastor Kim, a native Corean, presided. 'At 2 p.m., we were back for the men's service. It was full, about 1,400 present.' Think of it, a total of at least 2,400, and in a town which was wholly and unanimously heathen only fourteen years ago, with the reputation of being the worst town in Corea!'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—'A Child of God,' Forestville, Ont., $5.00; Widow's mite, Brookville, N.B., $1.50; Three Canadian sisters, Los Angeles, Cal., $15.00; W.C.T.U., Athelstan, Que., $5.00; Miss Annie Reid, Wallaceburg, $2.00; Mrs. Chas. Reid, Wallaceburg, $1.00; Total..	$ 29.50
Received for the cots:—Mission Circle, Kingsmill, Ont..	$ 3.00
Previously on hand..	$ 331.12
Total on hand May 11..	$ 363.62

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

Contributions of clothing, etc., should be sent to Miss Roddick, 80 Union Ave., Montreal.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JUNE, 6, 1909.

The Power of the Tongue.

James iii., 1-12. Memory verses, 8-10.

Golden Text.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles. Prov. xxi., 23.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 31.—Jas. iii., 1-12.
Tuesday, June 1.—Jer. ix., 1-8.
Wednesday, June 2.—Zech. viii., 9-17.
Thursday, June 3.—Psalm lii.
Friday, June 4.—Psalm xii.
Saturday, June 5.—Prov. x., 11-22.
Sunday, June 6.—Psa. xxxiv., 11-18.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Do you know why the doctor says 'Put out your tongue' when he wants to know what is the matter with you? Because that little tongue of youre, that helps you in so many ways, always feels it at once if you get ill, and it gets thick, or red, or dry, or gray looking, just according to what is wrong with your body. What else does your tongue do for you? Keep your tongue lying very flat and still down in your mouth, Jack, and try to tell me your name. You can't do it? Well, you try, Willie. It's no use, is it? I'm afraid none of you could tell me your names if you didn't have a tongue to help you do it. Of course, there are some words, 'baby' and 'mamma' for instance, that you can say without moving your tongues, and perhaps that is why a baby finds them so easy to say; he just has to use his little lips. But, apart from these few words, we couldn't manage to speak without our tongues, so they are very important. What is the title of our lesson to-day? 'The Power of the Tongue.' You remember that last Sunday we were studying what was written ever so many years ago in a letter from a man named James who knew Jesus when He was here upon earth. To-day's lesson is from another part of that same letter. To-day he is telling us something about these tongues that we all have. You all know what a tongue is, but can anyone tell me what 'power' is? When we say that a man is 'very powerful' what do we mean? We mean he is very strong. Do you think that your tongue is very strong? Feel it there in your mouth. It is quite soft and little. You could bite it right through and it couldn't get away from you. Does your tongue ever run away? Oh, but it does. Often and often it goes hurrying, running on in your mouth saying naughty things, saying unkind things, saying things that make you feel frightened and ashamed and sorry, and all the same it goes on saying them. If you could only stop your tongue and make it lie down still like Carlo does when father says 'Lie down, sir!' you wouldn't go on saying those naughty and unkind things, but somehow you just don't seem able to stop it. Why does Carlo lie down when he is told to? Because he has been trained to do it. Then why does not your tongue keep still when you really want it to? Because it hasn't been trained to do it. First of all when it said the first naughty little words, you just let it say them to see what would happen. That went on until now your tongue is quite strong, it has great 'power' as our title calls it, and runs away saying things that we often wish it wouldn't say, and we certainly know it shouldn't say. Let us see what James has to say about our powerful tongues.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The advice of James in the first verse of our lesson, to be careful how we assume a position of authority owing to the responsibility that it carries with it, is one of the warnings that perhaps do not need so much emphasis to-day as they did in the time in which James wrote. At that time the natural Jewish love of authority against which Christ spoke so strongly (Matt. xxiii., 6-8, Mark xii., 38-40; Luke xxii., 25, 26), was detrimental to the church producing so many who were desirous of holding the chief seats and having the honor that was attached to the position of teacher, but nowadays the tendency is to shirk work and say 'Oh no, I couldn't think of taking that class, or leading a meeting. I don't feel able to. You had much better ask so and so.' To-day we might rather press home the words of Paul, his exhortation to desire greatly the ability to speak and teach for God (I. Cor. xii., 31; xiv., 12, 39). Nor do we suggest that in this case Paul is in any way opposed to the teaching of James any more than in the matter of faith and works, but 'circumstances alter cases'; the forward and self-assertive child needs checking, while the shy and retiring one needs the word of encouragement and the awakening of self-confidence. However, there are to-day, some who forget the responsibility that their office in God's church carries with it, and to these the warning of James is as suitable as ever. Work for God is never to be thoughtlessly undertaken. James's little talk on the 'unruly member' is of the greatest interest. The peace—loving, kindly, earnest man who presided over that first troubled council in Jerusalem (Acts xv.,) and earned for himself the title of 'the Just,' was no self-righteous being swift to condemn the failure of others, but included himself in the general indictment on the score of hasty speech 'In many things we all offend.' 'But the tongue can no man tame.' The strength, however, of which we so sorely stand in need, the apostle assures us is always at hand, 'If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not' (James i., 5; iii., 14-18).

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 1. 'We shall receive heavier judgment.' The more thou knowest, and the better thou understandest, the more strictly shalt thou be judged, unless thy life be also the more holy.—Thomas à Kempis.

Verse 5. 'The tongue is a little member.' Don't say, What can a word do? It takes so little to help a soul.

Don't say, It was only a word. It takes so little to hurt a soul.

To block the waggon down hill, to prop the waggon going up, needs only a pebble.—Charles Wagner, in 'The Better Way.'

Verse 8. 'The tongue is full of deadly poison.' The story of the bees is thus described by Mr. F. A. Root in his work 'Bee Culture': 'After a bee has stung you and torn itself away from the sting, you will notice, if you look closely, a bundle of muscles near by, partly enveloping the poison bag. Well, the curious part of it is that, for some considerable time after the sting has been detached from the body of the bee, these muscles will work with a kind of pumping motion, working the sting farther into the wound, as if they had a conscious existence and burned with a desire to wreak vengeance on the party attacked.' Words have a life of their own. Many a harsh word, many a vicious lie, many a scandal from a gossip's tongue has thus worked its 'sting farther into the wound' and continued to ply its poison, even after its author has forgotten, and sometimes after the grave has closed over him. And like the bee's sting, the lie or the scandal can not be drawn back after it has been flung at a fellow mortal.—'Homiletic Review.'

The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!

says Edward Rowland Sill, and then he continues.

The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

We may bear false-witness by our silence as well as by our speech, we may hurt others by withholding the just word of praise as well as by uttering the unjust word of criticism, we may sin in not speaking the kind word of encouragement as well as in voicing the unkind word of discouragement.

They that love to hear themselves talk do not consider what work they are making for repentance.—Matthew Henry.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 6.—Topic—How to have peace with God. Rom. v., 1-9. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, May 31.—My father's love. Luke xv., 11-32.

Tuesday, June 1.—My Saviour's search. Luke xv., 1-7.

Wednesday, June 2.—Need of compassion. Luke x., 30-37.

Thursday, June 3.—Which am I? Luke xviii., 9-14.

Friday, June 4.—My pounds. Luke xix., 11-27.

Saturday, June 5.—Earnest in prayer. Luke xviii., 1-8.

Sunday, June 6.—Topic—Life lessons for me from the Gospel of Luke. Luke vi., 20-38. (Consecration meeting.)

Seeing One's Own Self.

(H. E. Tralle, in the 'Sunday-School Teacher's Pedagogy.')

Oftentimes a teacher exclaims, with a note of despair, 'I wish I could teach as that good teacher teaches.' Suppose the teacher could teach as another teacher teaches, it would be a mistake for him to try to do so. No matter how good the way of the other teacher, it is not the way of this teacher; and it would, therefore, be a bad way. He must not be an imitator, but an originator. He must put his own individuality into his teaching, he must have his own plan; and his own plan will differ, in some respects at least, from the plans of others. It will differ also from his own plans, the plans he has used on other occasions.

The teacher must be original. In order to be original, he must know how others teach, he must study principles and methods, and he must get suggestions from others; but, in his own teaching, he must do the work in his own way. This originality in the teacher will beget variety. He will begin the lesson one time in one way and at another time in another way, but always it will be his way, and not another's way. The teacher would better be his own little self than to try to be a big somebody and succeed in being only nothing. Let the teacher dare to be just his own best self.

Lead Them Straight.

At the struggle at Tel-el-Kebir there was a midnight assault. The British had not sufficient plans of the ground, and yet the Highland Brigade had to be led by the light of the stars round a dangerous semicircle in order to be at their post. Lord Wolseley selected a young naval officer, who had taken the bearings of the enemy, and he said to young Rawson:

'I leave you to guide the Highland Brigade by the light of the stars to the post where they will be wanted at such an hour.'

The brave young fellow put himself at the front of those hardy men, and there, in silence, led them round the enemy, till he got them to the position where Lord Wolseley wanted them to be; and then the enemy's fire opened, and men fell all around, and Commodore Rawson was one of the first to fall. When the shout of victory went up, Lord Wolseley, in the midst of all the responsibility and excitement of his position, was told that Rawson lay dying. He left his men and galloped across the field to the spot where the young man was lying that he might have one word with him before he passed away. Entering into the little tent that they had drawn over him, the dying man knew him, and a smile came over his pale face as he held up his trembling hand to the general; and looking him in the face, he said:

'General, didn't I lead them straight?' By-and-by, Sunday school teachers, you will meet the great Captain of our salvation, and I pray that when that day comes you may look Him in the face, and say, as you think of your class:

'Captain, didn't I lead them straight?'—Selected.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

We were very glad to hear during the past week from a club of eight girls who joined the League at the same time some months ago, and have organized themselves for monthly meetings with president, secretary, etc., and have now written to secure their badges and send in the name of a new member. We hope to hear from them again and learn how they are getting on, and we know the other members of the League will be just as interested. We know also of another club, boys this time, nine of them, who started with a membership of six and had the others join them later. We shall be glad to hear from them again. These clubs are a good idea because ever so much more can be done by a number working together than by one alone.

The new members to be welcomed this week are Bessie Ford, M., Ont.; Thelma Oettinger, L. J., Ont.; Gordon Hunter, T. M., Ont., and Frances Mary Lovie, H., Man.

B., Que.

Dear Editor,—We moved here last June from Danville. My father is the Methodist minister here. Behind our house there is a cliff looking down on a river called the Tomisforbia and I go down there quite often. It is a lovely place. In the spring mornings sometimes I run to the cliff and get the morning air; it is so fresh. About six years ago there was in the 'Messenger' a story named 'Daph and her Charge.' Although I was only about five years old when it was in the paper, I liked it. Mother used to read it to my brothers and me.

ALICE V. SMITH.

W., Sask.

Dear Editor,—My sister sent me the 'Messenger' through the 'Pansy Blossom' club. I like reading the stories in the 'Messenger' very much and I think the 'Pansy Blossoms' are very pretty. We came to Sask. two years ago next May and like the country very well, but miss the trees we used to have in Ontario. There are a great many gophers and badgers here in summer, but we seldom see one in winter. The coyotes are plentiful here, and if very hungry will take your fowl. We live three miles from Last Mountain Lake which is sixty-eight miles long. There is a steamboat that comes up to W. from Craven in summer and carries lumber and other supplies to the store there. There are a great many fish in the lake. Our school stopped at Christmas for the winter, as it was thought too cold for the children to go.

JANIE V. McMAHON (age 13).

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old, and go to day school, Sunday School, and Junior Epworth League. I have very nice, kind teachers, and the superintendent of our Sunday School is one of the very best in the world. We did have just enough snow for sleighing, but the rain came and the snow disappeared. There are six in our family; father, mother, sister, brother, and grandma, who tells me such nice stories.

D. W. Z.

O., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to you and send a drawing. My papa owns a small farm. We have three horses and one of them is mine. I call her Marie. I received your Pansy Blossoms and Brooch and was very much pleased. I have two brothers and one sister. She is teaching school.

SARAH EDNA LANGILLE.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—A month ago to-day I received a dear little brother, and two weeks ago to-day we laid my mother in the grave. I live on a farm and go to church, which is two and a half miles away. In the spring my father intends to build a house, and when it is built I will draw a picture and send it to you.

WALLACE HAMILTON.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Flag.' Kenneth McLennan (age 5), A., Ont.
2. 'Door.' Eunice Kalem (age 11), B., Que.
3. 'My Dog.' Marjorie Clark (age 10), H., Ont.
4. 'Silhouette.' Janie L. Libbey, B., N.B.
5. 'Taking Father's Dinner.' Gladys May Hemus (age 12), O., Alta.
6. 'A Hen.' Marjorie E. Green (age 7).
7. 'A Flag.' Thomas Webb (age 8), D., Ont.
8. 'Teapot.' Marjorie Weaver (age 12), V., Ont.
9. 'Ink Bottle.' Grace Hatch (age 7), D., Ont.
10. 'A Flower.' Arthur Stiles (age 9), C. M., N.B.
11. 'Machine Oiler.' Addie Sheffield, C., Ont.
12. 'Cup.' Rhoda McLennan (age 10), A., Ont.
13. 'A Flower.' Maggie Glenn, S., Man.
14. 'Mug.' Arthur Rowe (age 9), S. R., Que.
15. 'Pump.' A. B. Kierstead (age 10), F., N.B.
16. 'A Rose.' Elva E. C., B. B., N.B.
17. 'House.' Mamie Widbur (age 8), E., Maine.
18. 'Flag.' Hugh N. McDonald (age 10), G. A., N.S.
19. 'Gate.' Dorothy Kalem (age 8), B., Que.
20. 'House.' Minnie Stiles, C. M., N.B.
21. 'Moths around the Lamp.' Ernest Atkinson, B. P., Ont.
22. 'Pump.' Louise Johnston (age 7), P., N.D.

OTHER LETTERS.

Mildred Clark, B., Sask., says 'We have just come out here from Toronto.' Quite a change, isn't it, Mildred.

Ernest Atkinson, B. P., Ont., thought he would start the writing from his Sunday School. 'My father rents a farm and grows grain and hay on it.' No answer was enclosed with your riddle, Ernest, so it could not be published.

Frances Mary Lovie, H., Man., writes 'We have a quiet old horse that we drive to school. We are very glad when we can drive, as two and a half miles is a long way to walk.'

Hugh Neil McDonald, G. A., N.S., 'lost six weeks of school last winter because I had the whooping cought. I have two uncles out in the gold fields in Alaska.'

Eunice and Dorothy Kalem, write from B., Ont., 'not far from the capital of the Dominion, says Eunice, I have often been there for a visit. We have a nice quiet horse that I can drive. Her name is Jess.'

Ella R. Elliot, S., Man., has a pet cat called Sparkles. 'My youngest brother has a little kitten that will stand up for its food.'

We also received a little letter from Louise Johnston, P., N.D., written all by herself, and she is 'seven years old now, instead of six.'

The Limerick Prizes.

Results of the Limerick contests were announced in full in the 'Women's Edition,' and make most interesting reading.

The 'Women's Edition' has been pronounced on all sides a wonderful success. Sixty pages with special colored cover! A truly great newspaper, something of which Canadian women may well be proud—a paper to be treasured in many a home for years to come.

As the committee found they would need even a larger edition than at first anticipated, we were able to arrange for the supply of a certain number more of prompt out-of-town orders. Five cents per single copy in Canada outside Montreal. Two cents extra for U. S. postage, and five cents extra for abroad. In packages to one Canadian address (not Montreal) WHILE THEY LAST, thirty-five cents a dozen, six for twenty cents. Stamps accepted. Address Dept. C., JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

BOYS! MONEY FOR YOU!

and

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Only a Trifle.

(M. L. Ziegler, in the 'Sunday School Messenger.')

(Concluded.)

'I rather like that tie myself. Yes, Tom, step in to-morrow after dinner and you can have one. I will get it at noon,' replied Sidney. After discussing a few more topics, the visitor left, shouting, 'Now, don't forgit my neck-tie!' One of the unfortunate man's chief peculiarities was the way in which he asked for whatever he wished, whether it was five cents or the overcoat a man wore, and he was as delighted as a child when his desire was gratified.

As it was nearly closing time, the clerks began to clear off the counters for the night, and the two young men, as was their custom, worked together at the rear of the store. As it was right by the office, Mr. Griffin heard their conversation.

'Now, look here, Sid, what did old Tom mean? What are you going to give him now?' asked Robert in a displeased, but by no means, cross voice. 'He wears a Sunday shirt now just like you wear.'

'I know it, Bob, but how can I refuse the poor fellow? Think of it, I could give him all I owned, and yet I could never give him what he really needs, unimpaired intellect! I try to make his life as happy as I can,' replied Sidney.

'Well, that is a matter of opinion, but it does not help him, and what will Irene say? She will not be so pleased with your attentions when she sees your associate,' said Robert.

'If Irene finds fault with my trying to brighten Tom's life, I will be disappointed in Irene. She always had a pleasant word for Tom.'

'Yes, but what will she think when she sees him wearing a duplicate of your white shirt, and that new tie, which is splendid?'

'She will understand, and if she does not, I tell you she is not the girl I take her to be. She would do that much for an unfortunate demented girl. It does not hurt me, Bob, I can buy another tie in a week or so and he will be contented as long as his is bright-looking. Why don't you talk to him once in a while? You are a good fellow, old boy, but you will never chat with him.'

'I do not like to, that is all. I imagine that people will think me the same.'

'They will not. If people cannot tell the difference between us by our actions, then it is my own fault. Come on, let us straighten up these boxes over there, or they will fall. It is just 5.25, and we have but a few minutes before John locks up.'

The boys walked to the front part of the store, and Mr. Griffin heard no more. 'That settles it,' he said mentally, 'I was hoping that something would decide me in Sidney's favor, and I guess I have found it.' After the store was locked up and the employees had gone, he briskly stepped out of the front door, relocked it, and hurried home.

It was always a pleasure for him to go home. It had always been a place of refuge after the busy day. Not always quiet, for many years ago a little boy and girl had been cheerfully running about when he came in. But now they were married and in homes of their own, the son in business for himself, and the daughter living happily as a lawyer's wife. To-night he was in an unusual hurry, and when his wife came to the door to meet him, he said after his usual greeting, 'Lucille, Sidney gets the place, I am sure. But I will tell you about it.' Then he proceeded to relate as well as he could the conversation between the two boys.

'I was disappointed when I thought that Robert would have to have it, but now I am as pleased as I was sorry. Now that the matter is settled, should I tell the boys what decided me? Naturally they will wonder about it—they know how long I have studied the proposition.'

'For my part, Charles, I think you should tell them kindly. Sidney to encourage him in his course, and Robert that he may follow the same plan of kindness to all.'

'That would be right, I am sure. I will tell them in the morning. Now let us prepare for our guests.'

The next morning Mr. Griffin called the two young men into his office. 'Boys,' he began, 'you have known what I have been thinking about for some time. I have at last made the choice. You will wonder what has decided me in my selection. I would gladly have given you both the opportunity, but that is impossible. You have both been so well fitted for the situation that a trifle was needed to settle the question. Sidney's gift of a neck-tie to poor old Tom was the deed that settled it. I tell you both that you may see how so small a thing counts in a large world. Remember "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me' and profit by those words.

'Sidney, I will be at the branch with you Monday to show you your new duties. Robert, I will give you an increase in salary of 25 percent, as your work will now be more arduous.

'I want neither of you to thank me, you have both been trustworthy clerks, fulfilling all my expectations. Keep on as you have begun, always in the service of God, and you will prosper as you deserve to prosper.'

One Boy and His Puzzles.

(The Rev. Louis Albert Banks, in the 'Christian Herald.')

Adoniram Judson, who was destined to be one of the greatest missionaries the world has ever known, was born in Malden, Mass., August 9, 1788. His father was a Baptist preacher, and the little boy was surrounded by the strongest Christian influences from his earliest remembrance. He was undoubtedly very precocious. His mother taught him to read when he was only three years old. His father had gone from home on a short journey, and she, wishing to surprise her husband, took the opportunity to teach the child during his absence. He learned so rapidly that he was able to read his father a chapter of the Bible on his return.

Being a preacher's son, little Adoniram naturally heard a good deal of preaching, and when he was only four years of age, he used to collect the children of the neighborhood about him, and, standing in a chair, would go through the form of a sermon with great earnestness, winning much admiration from the other children. In later years, his parents often recounted this story, and never forgot the hymn put forth by the baby preacher, 'Go preach my Gospel, saith the Lord.'

* * * *

When Adoniram was about seven years old, he became very much interested in being told that the earth is round, and that it revolves around the sun. It became a serious question in his mind, whether or not the sun really moved. Instead of asking either his father or mother about it, he set about discovering for himself the truth. His little sister, who was the only one he talked with about it, said the sun did move, for she could see it; but he had learned that he could not always trust his senses, and so he told her that he was going to make sure. Soon after this, he was one day missed about noon; and as no one had seen him for several hours, his father became uneasy, and went in search of him. He was found in a field at some distance from the house, stretched on his back; his hat, with a circular hole cut in the crown, laid over is face, and his swollen eyes almost blinded with the intense light and heat. He told his father that he was looking at the sun; but he assured his sister that he had solved the problem with regard to the sun's moving, though she was never able to comprehend the process by which he arrived at the result.

* * * *

Adoniram was famous among all the boys and girls in town for being uncommonly shrewd in guessing charades and solving enigmas, and a boy's pocket never carried a bigger variety of toys and trading property than Adoniram's head had of assorted oddities for the other young folks to guess at. He was always on hand with something to puzzle the rest, and never so happy as when he had given them a nut they could not crack. On one occasion, he found in a newspaper an enigma rather boastfully set forth, and the editor challenged any reader to make a solution. He felt very sure that he had guessed riddles as hard as that, and gave himself no rest until he had found a satisfactory answer. He copied his answer to the puzzle out in as fair a hand as possible, addressed it to the editor, and with no confidant but his sister, carried it to the post-office. But the post-master supposed it to be some mischievous prank of the minister's son, and exercising that arbitrary power, and more than ordinary wisdom so often assumed by the village post-master, he placed the letter in the hands of the father. The poor boy's surprise and embarrassment may be imagined when he saw it lying on the table after tea.

'Is that yours, Adoniram?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How came you to write it?' Silence.

'What is it about?'

'Please read it, father.'

'I do not read other people's letters. Break the seal, and read it yourself.'

Adoniram broke the seal, and mumbled over the contents, then placed the letter in his father's hand. The father read it, called for the newspaper which had suggested it, and after reading and re-reading both, laid them on the table, crossed his hands on his knees, and looked intently into the fire. All this time Adoniram was on the anxious seat. He stood silently watching his father, balancing in his mind the chances of his being treated as a culprit, or praised for his good guess at the enigma. But he was not to know yet. When the father awoke from his revery, he changed the subject of conversation, and the letter was never heard of afterwards. The next morning, Adoniram's father gravely informed him that he had purchased for his use a book of riddles, a very common one; but as soon as he had solved all that it contained, he should have more difficult books. 'You are a very acute boy, Adoniram,' he added, patting him on the head with unusual affection? 'and I expect you to become a great man.'

Adoniram was wild with joy at the idea of having a whole bookful of riddles, and carried it away, determined to master every one. But he was soon much surprised, and not a little disappointed to find that it was a copy of the arithmetic which the larger boys in his school were studying. But the memory of his father's praise, and the reflection that if there was anything puzzling in the arithmetic, he was sure he should like it, caused him to devote himself to it with energy. He stuck to his purpose so faithfully that before he had reached his tenth year, he became quite noted for his good scholarship, and especially for his ability to solve arithmetical problems.

So noted did he become, even at this early age, that a gentleman residing in the neighboring town of Beverly sent him a problem, with the offer of a dollar for the solution. Adoniram immediately shut himself in his chamber. The reward was tempting; but, what was still more important to the proud, ambitious boy, he felt that his reputation was at stake. On the morning of the second day he was called from his seclusion to amuse his little brother, who was ill. He went very reluctantly, but said nothing, for family government was of a kind in the Judson family that permitted no talking back on the part of the children. In order to amuse his brother he undertook to build a cob house. He laid an unusually strong foundation with a great deal of hesitation and slowness, and was very deliberate in building up the walls, when suddenly he shouted, 'That's it. I've got it!' and sending the materials for the half-built house rolling about the room he hurried off, baby or no baby, to write down the result. The problem was solved, he had won his dollar, and saved his reputation.

* * * *

At the age of ten, Adoniram was sent to Captain Morton to take lessons in navigation, where he acquitted himself well. In the grammar school he was noted for his proficiency in Greek. His schoolmates nicknamed him 'Virgil,' not only on account of his studious habits, but because of the odd style of his hat, which they said was one 'Old Virgil dug up.' There were almost no books for children in those days, and so as his mind was thirsty for reading, he read the books of theology in his father's library and the novels of Richardson and Fielding, or the plays of

Ben Jonson which he was able to borrow in the neighborhood.

Before Adoniram was twelve years of age, he had heard visitors of his father's talk a great deal of a new Exposition of the Apocalypse, which they pronounced a work of rare interest. Up to this time, the Revelation had been the book that, of all others in the Bible, the boy delighted most to read; and he had searched the few commentaries his father owned without getting much light upon its mysteries. The new book was possessed by a very awe-inspiring man in the neighborhood; but Adoniram felt that he must have it, and at last he worked his courage up to the point of knocking at this man's door and begging the loan of it. He was coldly and sternly refused. His grief and mortification were so deep that he went to his father about it. He received more sympathy than he expected. 'Not lend it to you!' he said indignantly, 'I wish he could understand it half as well. You shall have books, Adoniram, just as many as you can read, and I shall go to Boston myself for them.'

A Wisdom Chapter for a Modern Son.

(By Peter Page.)

God needs my help to make a man of me.

Opportunity never owned a trumpet.

He who hesitates between men's liking and respect forgets that respect is the mother of love.

Battles are won by concentration, whether with men or books.

I shall never get anywhere unless I am all upon the road.

He who never gets behind never has to run to catch up.

To-day's task is like manna; it spoils overnight.

If all my energy goes into little things, what shall I do with great?

Doctors and lawyers are paid for their opinions; I can seldom afford to give mine away.

He who understands his work enjoys it.

It is unmanly to complain. If you can better your position, better it! If not, bear it quietly until you can.

Successful argument requires that I should understand my opponent's position at least as well as he does himself.

Look through your neighbor's eyes, if you expect him to see through yours.

If I despise a man without understanding him, I prove myself a fool.

Nothing is so arrogant as ignorance asserting its opinions.

Ask two questions about every man you meet: How can I serve him? What can I learn from him?

Books are a selection from humanity. Study men first.

The courtesy of an undivided attention is every man's due; but the debt is so seldom paid that most men take it as a special compliment.

The moment of annoyance is the time to keep the soul serene; the hour of temptation is the hour to think of God.

God gives us a backbone; it is for us to stiffen it.—'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

A Chinaman's Parable.

A Chinaman who had been converted to Christianity thus addressed some of his fellow countrymen:—

A man was journeying up a hill upon whose summit was a beautiful, cool arbour and a grand palace. As he began the ascent he noticed by the roadside a grape-vine, with fragrant flowers and luscious fruit. He thought to himself: 'Well, there is ample time, and these grapes look good. I will pluck some bunches to eat by the way.'

When he approached the tree he noticed that it grew on the brink of a precipice, which its branches overhung, and that anyone falling would be dashed to pieces far below. But attracted by the fruit, he climbed, and began to eat.

As he ate he glanced down and noticed that a white mouse was gnawing at the root of the tree. After gnawing for a time the white mouse ran away and a black one took its place. So they went on alternately—now the white mouse, and then the black. But the man thought these mice would take a long time to affect the safety of the tree, and so he went on eating.

He enjoyed the fruit so much that he forgot about the precipice below him, about the gnawing mice, and about the arbour and palace on the hilltop which he had set out to reach. He plucked and ate until suddenly the tree snapped off at the root, and man and tree were hurled down the abyss and dashed to pieces.

The palace on the hilltop was heaven, the grapes the pleasures and attractions of this world, the man a type of many who are attracted thereby to turn aside from the heavenly road, and the white mouse day, and the black mouse night.

He is a foolish man who goes on enjoying himself, forgetful of the fact that each night and day brings him nearer to his end.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Some Boy's Mistakes.

It is a mistake for a boy to think a dashing, swaggering manner will commend him to others. The fact is that the quiet, modest boy is much more in demand than the boy of the swaggering type. Modesty is as admirable a trait in a man as in a woman, and the wise boy will find it to his distinct advantage to be quiet and modest in manner.

It is a mistake for a boy to put too high an estimate on his own wisdom. He will find it to be to his advantage to rely on the far greater wisdom of those much older than himself. And he will find it still more to his advantage to rely on God's Word for direction in all the affairs of life.

It is a mistake for a boy to feel at any time in all of the days of his boyhood that it is not his duty to be respectful and deferential to his father and mother. The noblest men in the world have felt this to be their duty.

It is a mistake for a boy to feel that there is any better way of acquiring a dollar than by honestly earning it. The real 'royal road to fortune' is by the road that requires honest toil and the giving of the very best one has to give in return for money received.

It is a mistake for a boy to feel that religion is something intended for women and girls, and that it is unmanly for him to go to church and Sunday-school. The world has never known better or manlier men than those who have been faithful attendants at both church and Sunday-school. Real piety is the foundation of all character, and the scoffer at religion is never respected by those whose respect it is worth while to have.

It is a mistake for a boy to do anything 'on the sly.' The sly boy is sure to be found out, and when he has once lost the confidence of his friends it is extremely difficult for him to regain it. The wise boy will be 'as honest as the day.' Woe to him if he is not!—'American Boy.'

An Oak-leaf Crown.

(Mabel Earle, in 'Forward.')

A dozen of them were gathered on the Academy steps, waiting for news of the football victory as it came in, bit by bit, from the neighboring city, where the battle was being fought. That it would be a victory was certain, of course, to every one of the dozen. The score already stood high in favor of the Academy team; and had not Gordon, and Powell, and Langley snatched glory from the very jaws of defeat in other days?

'I'm so sorry we couldn't go with the crowd this time!' Mildred Purcell exclaimed. 'Of course, there were plenty without us; and it's fun to be here, too, hanging breathless on the possibilities of every minute. There's the 'phone, Perry! They're calling you again. Oh, hurry!'

Perry Doane went inside to the telephone in the hall.

'Twenty-six to six!' they heard him repeat, jubilantly; and then: 'Oh, I say! No! Why, you don't— Not Gordon?'

'Perry, what is it?' Mildred demanded, pushing past the others, who stood suddenly struck silent by the change in his voice. 'Is there some bad news? Is anybody hurt?'

'Gordon,' Perry answered briefly, putting the receiver in her hand. 'Here, you take it. See if you can make them answer. Oh, how dreadful! Gordon!'

He stumbled out toward the group on the steps, which had begun to break up, and to drift in toward the telephone.

'What is it? How was he hurt?' they questioned, surrounding him.

'I couldn't make out. It was Jimmy Powell's voice. He gave me the score, and then he said, "But Gordon's done for"—and then the thing began to buzz and snap, and I heard "serious," and "unconscious"—I think that's what he said—and then somebody else rang in on us—and—there! Mildred's got them.'

They pressed up to hear what Mildred was saying, but not much could be learned from her brief answers. Presently, she hung up the receiver, and turned to them.

'Yes, it's Tracy Gordon. And the doctor thinks it is serious—something about the spine. The other team all are heavier than our boys, of course—they were getting desperate, when they saw they were losing, in spite of their weight—and Jimmy thinks there was some slugging, but he isn't sure, nobody was sure. They're going on with the game. Gifford Langley takes Tracy's place—and, oh, I thought I heard them cheering, while Jimmy was talking! Cheering! with Tracy lying there.'

'Will they bring him back here? Can he be moved?' somebody asked.

'I don't know. Probably they'll try. The hospital here is better—and Dr. Kennedy, of course. Girls, I don't want to hear any more about the game.'

Mildred put her hands up to fasten her fur collar.

'They'll all be in on the five-thirty train,' Perry Doane suggested. 'We can go down and meet them. The fellows were going to have a torchlight procession and a bonfire tonight. Say, why did it have to be Gordon?'

The little crowd that gathered on the station platform at five-thirty was not suggestive of victory, although the Academy team had won, after all, roused to superhuman effort by their rage at Tracy Gordon's injury. The president of the Academy stood silent beside Perry Doane. Keith Gordon, Tracy's uncle, came out of the telegraph office shivering as the far-off whistle of the train sounded beyond the bluffs. They were bringing Tracy home—so much was known by this time. Whether he was coming to live or die, the surgeons would not say.

The train rolled in, clanging and clattering under the arches of the station. The captain of the eleven was leaning forward from the steps, swinging himself down before the wheels came to a stand. Bareheaded and grave-faced, the others followed him; and then, somewhere ahead in the crowd, Mildred saw a stretcher lifted down, and a motionless shape, under a blanket, carried out to a waiting ambulance.

'O Jimmy, is he suffering. Does he know?' she asked Jimmy Powell, who had paused to answer the president as Keith Gordon hurried on.

'Not now, I reckon,' Jimmy answered. 'They've had two doctors with him right

along. At first—oh, don't ask about that! If they only can get him through! But even if he lives, he may be done for all the rest of his life. They can't tell. But you ought to have seen him there, before it happened! There isn't a fellow on the team like Gordon! He was handling those fellows like babes, for all their size! and he'd slip out from their hands like butter. They saw they'd have to fix him if they wanted a ghost of a chance. Of course, they didn't mean it as bad as this.'

'They say he'll be tied to a wheel chair as long as he lives,' Perry Doane confided to Mildred, one glorious morning when the air was full of frost and sunshine, and the tingle of it was enough to stir any boy's blood with ambition and sheer delight of life. 'Tracy Gordon in a wheel chair! That's beyond me. I can't see why God let it happen.'

'Maybe I'm wrong, but I don't believe that God is—is to blame for it,' Mildred said hesitatingly. 'If people will be rough and brutal and reckless—and if even the good people will take perfectly reckless risks— Oh, I'm only a girl. I can't be expected to feel as boys do about a game! But if God and Tracy Gordon together don't make something splendid out of a wheel-chair life—then I shall be more disappointed in Tracy than I ever expect to be!'

The winter went on, and the surgeons had no better word to give. In the spring, Keith Gordon took his nephew away to consult a famous specialist in New York. Commencement time came and passed, and another year rolled by before the Gordons returned. And then, just as his class was about to be graduated—Mildred, and Perry, and Jimmy Powell, and the dozen others who had been closest to him for two years of work and fun and heart-stirring ambition—when the shadow of the vines began to grow thick and cool over the grey tower, and the last essay was handed in before the final day of judgment and prize-giving, Tracy Gordon came back to the Academy.

Mildred was coming up the walk with a huge bunch of snowballs for the reception-room when she saw him first, surrounded by a score of the students at the foot of the grey steps where they had waited that day for news of the football game. He held out his hand to her across the arm of his wheel chair.

'Hello, Mildred!' he said, with the old boyish laugh. His face was thinner and paler, and nothing could conceal the pitiful misshaping of the figure under the gay afghan. But the eyes that laughed up at her were Tracy's own, undaunted by this hard fate, as they had once been undaunted by a tough bit of geometry or an unexpectedly bulky opponent in the game.

'You're going to pin one of them in my buttonhole, you know,' he said. 'The biggest one. I'm going to wear our colors still, the white and green, if I have to rob all the snowball bushes in town.' And when she pinned on the absurd decoration, he threw his head back with assumed pride, and called on the others to admire the effect.

'You'll be here for the exercises, will you, Tracy?' Mildred asked, with eyes suspiciously bright, and slightly-shaking voice as the laugh died down.

'Sure!' he answered. 'That's what we hurried back for. I had to be here when the class went out. They wouldn't make a decent exit without me.'

'I don't see how he can bear it!' Jimmy Powell confided to Mildred, half an hour later. 'To be here and see the other fellows, strong and big and well as he used to be, and to see them just now, when the air's full of everything that they're going to be and do, and that he never can have a hand in! It's plucky of him.'

More than one boyish heart echoed Jimmy's words as the days of that week went by. The class insisted that Tracy should sit with them on the platform, and receive a certificate for the two years' work, which he had finished, at the time they received their diplomas. More than a few of the audience wiped their eyes when he bowed and smiled as the parchment roll was handed to him; and the ushers, hurrying up with armfuls of flowers, had more than time to arrange them about his chair before the storm of applause died down.

That evening, while the groups of students and friends and teachers were strolling over the grassy slopes of the campus, fluttering about the tables where ices were being served, and offering their services to light the Japanese lanterns in the trees as dusk came on, Mildred had a chance for the ten-minutes' talk with Tracy, which she had wanted ever since his return. His uncle wheeled him up beside a bench where Mildred and two others girls were resting, and left him with a laughing word about 'better hands than his.' Presently the two girls were called away to assist at one of the tables.

'Now, Tracy, tell me!' Mildred said.

'What about?'

'All these months. You've had a harder problem than we ever worked out together here, or down yonder in the grammar school. I want to know about the solution.'

'Oh!' Tracy said; and then, after a minute, 'Well—I got the answer, just as it is in —the Book.'

'It was mighty tough figuring, at first. A fellow doesn't know anything about those things, until he's there, in the grip of them. I used to wish it all had stopped at once, back there that day when six of those fellows piled on top of me.'

'But you don't feel that way now?'

'Now? I told you I'd got the answer.'

The president's little girl came up just then, with her hands full of smooth, bright oak leaves, broken from one of the trees near by as the lanterns were being hung.

'Make a wreaf,' she pleaded. 'A trown to do on my head.' She sat still for a minute, as Mildred began to pin the leaves together with fragments broken from their stems, lapping one over the other in a lengthening band; and then rising with a twirl of her white skirts, she announced that she would 'tum bat and det it pretty soon,' and took herself off.

'An oaken crown, eh?' Tracy remarked, reaching over for one of the leaves. Seems to me I used to hear about such a decoration, somewhere—Athens, or Rome, or where was it? Some mighty high honor, if a fellow had done something supergorgeous, wasn't it?'

'I don't remember,' Mildred confessed. 'Let's see—it was palm branches for victory, and laurels and olive leaves for success—yes, I think I've heard about the oak-leaf crown, as if it meant all that and more. But Tracy, you were telling me about what you did in New York.'

(To be continued.)

The Old Story.

(Denis A. McCarthy, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'To-morrow,' he promised his conscience, 'to-morrow I mean to be good;
To-morrow I'll think as I ought to; to-morrow I'll do as I should;
To-morrow I'll conquer the habits that hold me from heaven away';
But ever his conscience repeated one word and one only, 'TO-DAY.'

To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow—thus day after day it went on;
To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow—till youth like a vision was gone,
Till age and his passions had written the message of fate on his brow,
And forth from the shadows came Death with the pitiless syllable, 'NOW.'

Our Country's Emblem.

Our readers (individuals or schools) who have been working for a flag, but were prevented from getting one in time for Empire Day, may still secure one now and have it ready for Dominion Day.

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THE PICTORIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
142 St. Peter Street, Montreal

The First Rainbow.

(Nora Chesson, in 'Father Tuck's Annual.')

The rain is over, though the street
Still shines beneath the passer's feet;
And there, 'twixt earth and sky, the Bow
Stands like a bridge where angels go.

Baby looks up and laughs with glee,
She wants to climb the rainbow—she
Whose little feet have not yet found
The way to stand firm on the ground.

The Turkey's Nest.

(Concluded.)

Brother Fred went upon the hill to the gin-house, and down in the cotton-field, and round by the goose pond, where he found the Gray Goose and the White Duck taking a swim.

'But though he did his very best,
He couldn't find the turkey's nest.'

Little Ben began at home to look. He looked under the house and behind the woodpile, and in the barn, and out by the haystack; and while he was tripping about out there he frightened the Brown Hen from her nest, and she quarrelled half the day about it.

'But though he did his very best,
He couldn't find the turkey's nest.'

Then mamma said she must go and look, so she put on her bonnet and went to the wood-lot, and sat down under a tree just as quiet as she could be. By and by the turkey hen came along. She saw mamma and mamma saw her, but neither of them said a word. The turkey hen walked round and round in the wood-lot just as if she wasn't thinking about anything, but at last she went through the big gate into the road.

Then mamma got up and followed her, just as still as a mouse, and the turkey hen

'When up the hill and down the hill,
And through the fields and by the mill,
And down across the meadow brook,
By many a turn and many a crook.
She went to the East and she went to the West,
But she never went near her hidden nest.'

'I'll give up,' said mamma, and the old turkey hen was prouder than ever.

Then papa said that he must try; and early one morning, before the children were awake, he got up and started out to find the turkey's nest.

'He'll find it if anybody can,' said Brother Fred, when he was told, and the children could scarcely wait.

He stayed so long that they went down the lane to meet him, and when he saw them coming he called out:

'I declare I've done my very best,
But I can't find that turkey's nest.'

And the turkey hen grew prouder and prouder. She stayed at her nest, wherever it was, nearly all the time then, and only came to the barnyard when she wanted something to eat.

The Gray Goose and the White Duck and the Brown Hen said they wouldn't be surprised at anything she did.

But they were surprised, and so were the children, when one morning she walked into the yard with twelve little turkeys, as fine as you please, behind her.

'Just look here,' she said, 'at my children. I hatched them all out in my nest down in the corner of the old rail fence.' And she added, as they gathered to see:

'I tell you what, I did my best,
When I found that place to make my nest!'

—'More Mother Stories.'

The Farmyard Concert.

It begins at sunrise with the red cock's crow—
Cock-a-doodle! cock-a-doodle-doo!
Cluck! cluck! go the hens, peep! peep! cry the chicks,
And the pretty little doves coo! coo!

The pigs squeal in treble or grunt in deep bass,
The dogs in the kennel all bark;
From the meadow close by, soaring up to the sky,
Is heard the sweet song of the lark.

—Selected.

Alma's Visit.

(Adele Thompsaon, in the 'Child's Hour.')

Alma had never been on a visit, and when it was decided that she should accept Aunt Anna's invitation to come and stay with her for a whole week, she thought she was the happiest little girl in the world. For besides all the other pleasures at Aunt Anna's, there would be no baby to look after when you didn't want to, or errands to run when you were tired, or a sitting-room to dust when you had rather play. 'A whole week, and nothing to do but to amuse myself, and be company,' she told mamma.

And though mamma looked a little sober she only said, 'I hope you will enjoy yourself as much as you expect to.'

The first day she was sure she was enjoying herself all she had expected. Aunt Anna had a hammock put up under the trees near the house and Alma swung in this, and played with her doll, and ran races with Carlo, and thought what a fine thing it was not to be asked to do a single thing.

The next day it was not quite so fine; Alma began to think about the baby, and wonder how he was getting along, if he missed her, and if mamma needed her to tend him or to go on errands.

But Alma didn't say this. Oh, no, she told Aunt Anna that she was having a beau-ti-ful time.

But when it came to the third day. Oh, dear, dear! Alma went out and lay in the hammock, so nobody should see how her eyes had 'leaked over' onto her cheeks. For Aunt Anna had been so good and kind that she did not want her to know how she was feeling. And the worst of it was that she would have to stay days and days more, to make out a whole week. It really seemed to Alma that she should die before that time, and she wondered how in the world she could ever have been unwilling to take care of dear little Richard, or help darling mamma.

Then as she lay there in the hammock, such a forlorn, homesick little girl, through the open window she heard Aunt Anna saying to Miss Arnold, who was sewing for her, that she wished she had a fresh yeast cake, but she was too busy to go for it.

'Why don't you send Alma?' Miss Arnold asked.

'O, no,' Aunt Anna answered, 'Alma is kept busy at home, I want her to rest and play while she is here.'

Then Alma sat up in the hammock, and the smiles and dimples came back to her face as she slipped to the ground and went in. 'Haven't you any errands I can do for you?' she asked.

'But are you sure you want to do errands?' said Aunt Anna. 'You know you are visiting now.'

'Oh, yes,' urged Alma, 'I had rather do an errand than not.'

So Aunt Anna told her about the yeast cake, and tied on her white sun hat, and Alma ran off to the store, feeling as she went how good it did seem to be doing something for somebody again.

When she came back Aunt Anna had just finished sweeping. 'Let me dust,' said Alma, 'I do dusting for mamma.

Aunt Anna smiled. 'But you are company, now, we don't ask company to work.'

Alma thought a moment. 'I—I think I'd rather not be company any more. I'd rather help.'

Aunt Anna smiled again as she gave her the dust cloth. Then at dinner time Alma set the table, and after it wiped the dishes, while Aunt Anna told her stories, and really she was so busy that the day went by before she knew it. So did the other days of her visit, and best of all when she came to go Aunt Anna said she didn't know how she should get along without her little helper.

When Alma was home again and mamma asked her if she had enjoyed her visit, she said, 'Oh, yes, indeed.'

Then mamma looked a little troubled. 'I suppose that was because you had nothing to do.'

Alma hung her head, 'I thought I was going to like that best of all, but I didn't. I found that I'd a good deal rather help. Aunt Anna says people are happiest when they are helping somebody else, and I guess it's true.'

Pretending.

(May Turner, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

When I must play alone, because there's only one of me,
Pretending there's another child is lots of fun, you see.
I call her Chloe Amabel—they're both such pretty names!
We play at hide-and-seek, and tag, and many other games.

Sometimes I'm having grown folks call, and sit all in a row,
While they tell pleasant things about how fast the children grow.
My grandma's real, you know, and so they never speak to her—
Though once she sat down on the chair that held the minister!

It helps the most, pretending, when I wake up in the night—
I s'pose I'm rather frightened, though I'm brave when there's a light;
So I pretend there's something in the dark that's warm and kind,
And I pat the shadows softly—after that I do not mind!

The Lost Letter.

(Hilda Richmond, in the 'Child's Hour.')

'Let's play school,' said Gilbert, when the weather was too stormy to allow them to be out of doors. 'That's lots of fun.'

'We can't do that,' whispered Edith. 'Molly doesn't know how.'

'I don't want to play school,' said Molly. 'I can't.'

'Let's get out our work,' said Joseph. You girls can sew, and we'll finish our kites.'

'Molly can't sew,' said Jessie quickly. 'We'll have to find something she likes, 'cause she's the guest.'

'It's all "Molly can't! Molly can't!"' said Robert, who was also a guest. 'We always have to stop and think every time if Molly likes the games.'

Molly was a very spoiled little girl; but she had no mother, and her nurse allowed her to do exactly as she pleased. Though she was eight years old, she had never had lessons, and liked to do nothing but play. Now she was visiting her little cousins, and there were many things they liked to do that she knew nothing about. Just as they were talking someone called Molly to the parlor, and the children played school and had their sewing and work while she was out of the nursery.

'Did you do this ' asked Molly, coming back to find Edith putting the finishing touches to a pretty dress for her doll.

'Yes; that isn't anything,' said Edith. 'I like to do it.'

'And you are a whole year younger than I am,' said Molly.

'Look at my tables, Cousin Molly,' said little Robert. 'See! here on the blackboard.'

Molly looked, and then she sat down to cry bitterly. 'You can all do so many things,' she said, 'and I am just a dunce. I can't do anything.'

But Molly was wrong. They all helped her, and the governess taught her many lessons; so that before she went home she was much happier. 'Papa, I want some lessons,' she said, when she went home. 'They always called me "Molly Can't," but now they say I have lost the last letter. I want to be "Molly Can" all my life.'

And the next time the cousins were all together Molly could play school and sew and draw and do as many things as the other children. 'I am so glad I lost that "t" I don't know what to do,' she said when they called her 'Molly Can.' 'I'm never going to try to find it, for I just love to have lessons and to make pretty things for my dolls.'

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Temperance

What Jack Hill Heard About Himself.

(By E. E. Hatchell, Author of 'Climb, Boys, Climb!', in the 'Alliance News and Temperance Reformer.')

(Concluded.)

Joe looked up and smiled. 'Thank God!' he said. 'I've prayed pretty often as I sat here that you might grow sick of him; so my prayers are answered, are they? Thank God! But tell me all about it, my boy.' And Jack told him, word for word, so far as he could remember, the children's game, and indeed the words had burned themselves into his very soul. He couldn't forget them if he would. Tears coursed down old Joe's cheeks, and yet his face was smiling all over.

'Praise the Lord!' he cried. 'He has revealed the truth to babes! Ah! Jack, it's a message straight from God to your soul. You have begun to realize your sinfulness; now do you realize that Jesus Christ is the very Saviour you need?'

Thus gently and lovingly the old shoemaker pointed poor lost Jack Hill to the Saviour of sinners. Then both men withdrew into the little back parlor and prayed, and when they rose from their knees Jack said, 'Joe, I do believe God has heard my prayer, and has forgiven me all my many sins for Jesus' sake; but, oh! Joe, how shall I ever keep straight in the future? There's the pubs, and my mates, and—and——'

'And the devil,' broke in Joe, 'and all his hosts of evil ones, Jack,' he said, with a twinkle in his eye. 'You haven't the ghost of a chance.'

'No,' replied Jack, looking crestfallen, for he did not notice the amused look on old Joe's face, 'that was just what I was thinking. I don't see how I'm to keep straight at all.'

'Nor do I,' replied Joe, earnestly. 'If it's a one-man concern you're going in for, you're no match for the devil and his temptations. I should just think not!' and Joe laughed outright. Then, drawing a well-worn copy of the New Testament from his pocket, he said: 'But there's just one thing, laddie, you've overlooked,' as he opened the Testament at St. John xiv., 23, and read:

'Jesus answered and said unto him (Judas), if a man love Me, he will keep My words; and My Father will love him, and will come unto him, and make Our abode with him.'

'That's a pretty strong partnership, isn't it?' said Joe. 'So, you see, it will be the Father, the Son, and you fighting the devil and his temptations! Not much doubt as to who will win, I reckon, so long as you see to it that your "love" does not grow cold, that you "keep" His "word," and give the blessed Lord an abiding-place in your heart! "Kept by the power of God" "victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," that's how you are to live now, Jack. Go home now, lad, and tell the wife.'

Jack went home, and there was much joy in that cottage that evening, and late into the night husband and wife sat over the fire talking. There was a look of peace and joy on their faces that night such as had never been seen before.

* * * * * *

'Hullo, Jack! what did you give us the slip for on Saturday night? And where did you clear off to on Sunday instead of coming round to the "Grey Horse"?'

It was Monday morning, and the men belonging to Small and Co.'s firm were gathered together to eat their dinner in one of the rooms of a half-built house they were working on.

Jack knew the moment had come when he must make his stand for Christ, and with a swift and silent prayer for help he replied, 'At home, mate!'

'At home!' echoed Bill Saunders, the biggest swearer of the lot. 'Wouldn't his mammy let him out?'

There was a roar of laughter at these words, and when it subsided Jack Hill said, 'I've done with going to public-houses, mates, so if you want to find me you'll have to come to a different place to look for me.'

'Done with public-houses!' exclaimed a voice. 'Is the fellow gone clean mad?'

'No,' said Jack, with a smile. 'Fact is, mates, I was mad all this time to carry on as I did; I think I have come to my senses at last. But if you like I will tell you what has altered me since I left you all on Saturday.'

'Fire away!' said Tim Walker, the oldest man of the gang. He knew Jack's love for drink, and out of pure curiosity he wanted to hear the story.

Jack sent up another telegraphic cry from his heart, 'Lord help me!' but he did not know that old Joe was just then praying for him too, that he might, if an opportunity occurred, confess Christ that very day before his mates. A strange stillness seemed to settle down upon the men as Jack, simply, but with wonderful effect, told his story of 'the children's game,' and how it went home to his heart. And then he recounted his conversation with 'Holy Joe,' and bravely, and frankly, confessed that he was sick of living a drunken, sinful life, and had determined henceforth to be a different man, God helping him! To his astonishment he was allowed to have his way without one word of interruption. Surely God Himself had stopped the men's mouths and compelled their attention. Indeed, deep down in his heart more than one man of that group was wondering what his children thought of him as their father. Conscience was at work within them!

There was quite a long spell of silence when Jack had done speaking; then, at last, Bill Saunders said slowly, as he cut off a large piece of cheese and put it into his mouth, 'I bet the kids spoke the truth, or something very like it!'

I bet they did!' responded Tim Walker, 'and p'raps the kids of some of us here say much the same of their fathers, if we only knew it!'

'I guess they do!' laughed Bill, but there was a look of shame on his face. Even swearing Bill was touched!

Worry kills as surely, though not so quickly, as ever gun or dagger did, and more people have died in the last century from sheer worry than have been killed in battle.

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Begin in Time.

If you are going to do anything permanent for the average man you have got to begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies in working with the boy and not with the man. That applies peculiarly to those boys who tend to drift off into courses which mean that unless they are checked they will be formidable additions to the criminal population when they grow older.

No nation is safe unless in the average family there are healthy, happy children. If these children are not brought up well they are not merely a curse to themselves and their parents, but they mean the ruin of the State in the future.—Theodore Roosevelt.

How Will was Cured.

'I don't know what to do with my little boy,' said Willie's mother. 'He hasn't been well; and the doctor told me to take him to the seashore, and let him play in the sand. But how am I going to make him play when he does not feel like it?'

'I know a prescription much better than your doctor's,' said a lady sitting by.

'What is it?' asked Willie's mother.

'Call him, and let me try it,' said the stranger.

Come here a minute, my son,' called his mother.

Will got up slowly, leaving his bucket and spade in the sand. 'They are just going to tease me about not playing,' he grumbled to himself. 'I wish everybody would leave me alone.'

But they didn't say a word to him about playing. 'Will,' said the strange lady brightly, 'if you are not too busy, I wish you would help me a little.' Will pricked up his ears. It had been a long time since he had been allowed to help anybody but himself. 'Do you see that little yellow cottage away off there?' asked the lady. 'It is about a mile up the beach. There is a lame boy in that cottage, and I want to send him an orange. Will you take it?' 'Yes, ma'am, certainly,'

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said the boy. 'And if you can do anything to amuse or cheer him, it would be a good thing, you know. He can't get out of the house by himself, but he might with you to help him.' He was done moping now. He forgot all about himself in doing things for others.—'Sunbeam.'

Taking Things Easy.

There is no small art in taking things easy, so long as we must suffer annoyance in this breathing world, saying as little as possible about them, and making no parade of our martyrdom. If making a fuss and rendering everyone else about us uncomfortable in any way abated the ills that flesh and spirit are heir to, there would be some slight excuse for the folly and selfishness; but since we cannot escape tribulations of one kind or another, fretting only aggravates them. Either let us be silent and endure, or take arms against our woes, and by contending end them. In general he who makes no ado is supposed to have no troubles of his own, or an organisation so inferior that it is not jarred out of tune by the rough usage of fortune; to make the very worst of every trouble, big or little, from the fracture of a teacup to that of a skull, is considered by many a proof of great sensibility and depth of character, while he who pursues the other course, who endures reverses, slights, injuries, pin-pricks of annoyance, agues of anxiety, physical and mental neuralgias, without reporting them to every passer, and howling his grievances into the ears of every listener, is often spoken of as of fibre too coarse to feel acutely and suffer keenly. 'It is his temperament,' we are told. 'He takes nothing to heart.' Someone, however, wittily advises us, 'Never tell your misfortunes; nobody likes to have unfortunate friends'; but in spite of this warning, many seem to think that disaster itself is a recommendation to favor; that they deserve a bonus for serving as a target for fortune's arrows; and they are not seldom acutely jealous lest some other should be deemed their superior in suffering. In the meantime, everyone has a welcome for the person who has the good sense to take things easy. It is comfortable to be able to agonise over one's own trials, to 'a mind at leisure from itself.' The person who can go without her dinner and her spring suit, and not advertise the fact; who can lose her purse and keep her temper; who makes light of a heavy weight, and can wear a shoe that pinches without anyone being the wiser; who does not magnify the splinter in her finger into a stick of timber, nor the mote in her neighbor's eye into a beam; who swallows her bitter words without leaving the tastes in other people's mouths; who can give up her own way without giving up the ghost; who can have a thorn in the flesh and yet not prick all her friends with it—such a one surely carries a passport into the good graces of mankind.—'Christian Globe.'

We forget that there may be many duties, but that among them all there is a first and a last, and that we must not fulfill the last before fulfilling the first, just as one must not harrow before plowing.—'Tolstoi.'

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W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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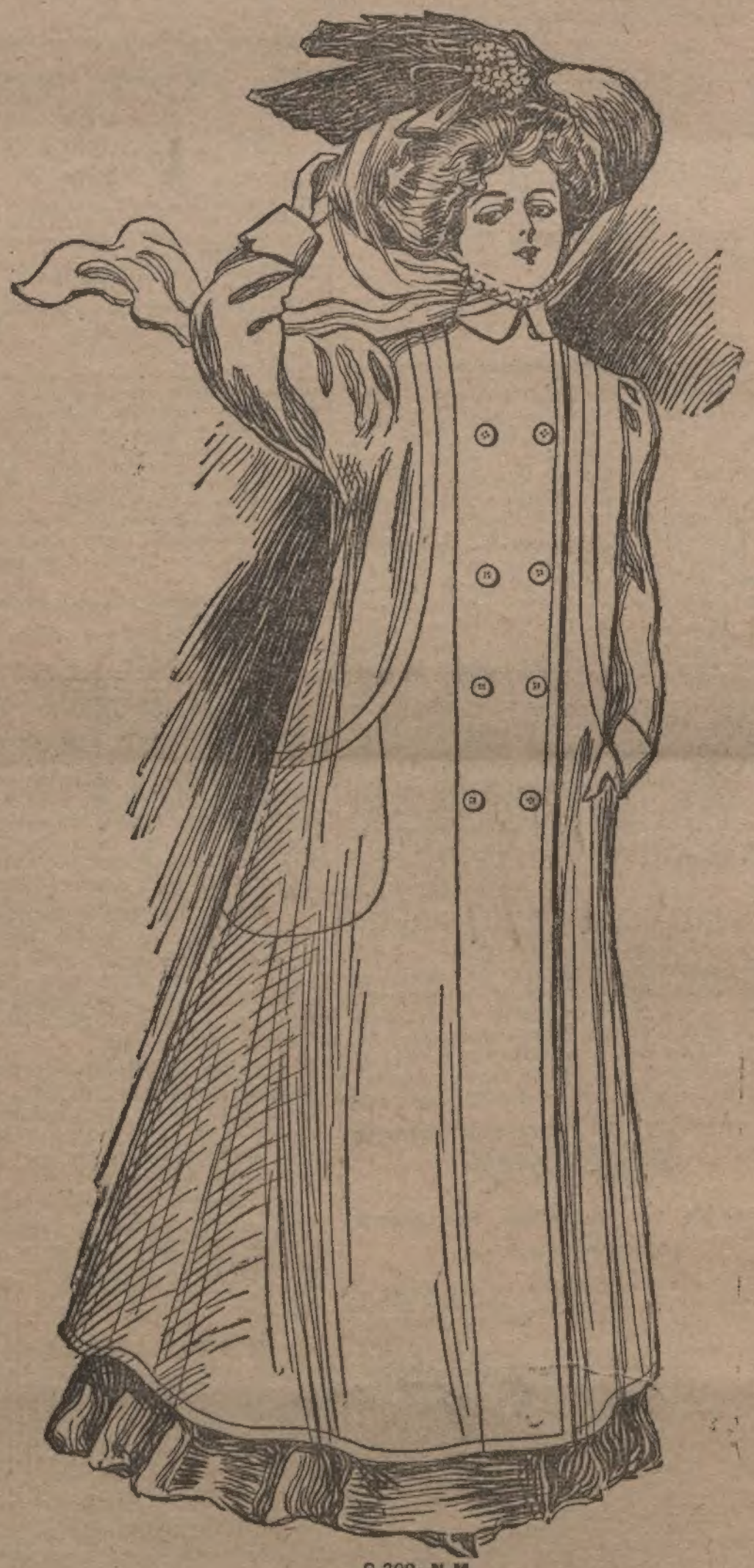

G 200—N M

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